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**MICHAEL J. REDDING**

# Brochure of Irish Achievements

IN

Government, Art, Architecture,  
Literature and Poetry

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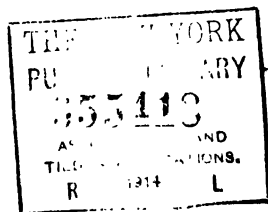
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THEY WERE  
ALREADY  
YOUNG

## FOREWORD

An Irish poem in assigning characteristics to different nations, says:

“For acuteness and valor, the Greeks:

“For acquisition and excessive pride, the

“Romans:

“For thrift and application, the Germans:

“For tenacity and dissimulation the English;

“and

“For impulsiveness, patriotism and sensibility,

“the Irish.”

The quick impulsiveness and emotional characteristics of the Celtic mind, blended with an imagination vivid enough to fill the soil just below the roots of the shamrock with sprites, and the air with spirits, make of the Irishman a being which cannot be appealed to, like the saxon, through a table d’hôte. For while his humanity compels his feet to touch earth, his spirit lives in illimitable space communing with eternity.

He eats only that he might live; he prefers soul to surloin.

He talks of food neither before, while, nor after eating; his table etiquette is hospitality seasoned with exquisite sensibility and spiced with spoken sunshine.

Why should he talk of food, who,  
“Ne’er distrusts his God for cloth or bread  
“While lilies flourish and the raven’s fed?”

While ever ready to protect the land of his adoption, and the birthplace of his children, his heart is ever crooning:

“Yes give me the land where the ruins are  
spread  
And the living tread light o’er the hearts of  
the dead”.

His ethereal nature banquets on the ancient history of his country.



---

He knew as a pagan, long before he got faith, his intuition told him, that God regulates the night's length by the planets, and he feels in the history of his country it is early morning, and the day orb of freedom must soon rise.

It would take the vocabulary of Edmund Burke to do Ireland's genius justice, but posterity can glory in the race from which it sprang even with circumscribed limitations of expression.

And if pride in ancestry, like a nation's glory in antiquity is a laudable feeling, I am proud of my grandfathers, on the distaff as well as the male side who made no mistakes in "Murry's grammer", and who had no brogue in the patois of "Gurth and Wamba", for like Richard I. (1175) they never learned the bartering trade-mark of the bargain counter, fit only to shop with.

Which although supplemented as it is, with Greek, Irish, Latin and French, barely enables one to but half express his feelings of love, affection, joy, delight, rapture, faith, hope, charity and contentment.

The only outlet it gives the heart is to be sweetly mawkish, and the only vent for the intellect is to be smoothly dull.

Edward Gibbon, whose great pen-picture of the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" with its geographical accuracy and careful marshalling of every detail to give color and strength to his biased view-point used but 58 per cent. of English words.

In England's lagging, limited lexicon there are but two words of endearment,—“Dear” and “Affectionate”—applicable alike to father, mother, sister, brother, cousin and friend.

---

In this dearth of soul language, the emotions are in a "pent-up Utica", the imagination is caged, and the spirit trammelled in its tenderness and affection.

Irishmen do not, cannot, think like Englishmen, and a mental thralldom must necessarily exist when forced to express Gaelic ideas with English idioms, which are but as a painted strawberry to a saucer of the real smothered in cream.

And this condition appertains, in a degree, with an Irishman who can speak only English, yea and speak it well, but whose ancestors for thousands of years were Gaelic in thought, language and literature.

The few examples of Irish genius given in this opuscle, simply annotating, for my own pleasure, only show what might be brought forth by one with ability, untrammelled by trade, and with time untaxed.

Montaigne says: that in the matchless policy of Sparta, the land of heroes who won Thermopylae, the only one book-study absolutely enforced in Sparta was history: the men of Sparta well knew the power of history to enlarge the intellect, fortify the mind and expand the soul: by it purpose is ennobled, courage is uplifted and solitude changed into a great communion with the past.

Every Irishman, yea, and every Irishman's son should know by heart every flower of fact, culled from many gardens, and set out in this little book as a rosary of achievement in Ireland's past greatness.

"*Virginius*", the tragedy, written by James Sheridan Knowles equals any emanation of Shakespeare, who is outclassed in comedy by Sheridan's "*Rivals*" and "*School for Scandal*."

---

Shakespeare, — the bard with the Norman-French name, with ideas and fairies imported from Ireland in his “*Midsummer Night’s Dream*”, and with the majority of the plots of his other plays borrowed from the Celtic genius of Europe, says, in an aphorism twisted, and borrowed from the ancient Celts: “Let all the ends thou aim’st at be thy country’s, thy God’s and truth”.

Well I may not hit the bull’s-eye but here is for the aim.

MICHAEL J. REDDING.



## IRISH GOVERNMENT

If the reader will kindly bear with me, I shall attempt, in a modest way, to portray Ireland linked with Art and Literature, from the most ancient times to the present day, and if not entertaining, I hope it will be, at least interesting, to hear from unbiased authorities, for you will notice as I go along, that I call not upon one Irishman, to give evidence of the exalted niche in Arts, Architecture and Poetry, which Ireland occupied hundreds of years before the Birth at Bethlehem.

But why, it may be asked, turn the telescope on one small Island among the nations of the earth, a glimmer in aphelion, when numberless stars of the first magnitude, in periphelion, can be seen by the naked eye.

Why should men lose themselves in a maze, to travel in the unsuccessful path of a small nationality?

When by keeping to the highways of the world's progress, we can have pass before us in grand panoramic procession, the great Dominions and mighty Empires that impelled the material progress which we now enjoy.

Well, if man was all animal and lived by bread alone, material progress would be our measuring-rod, and the history of powerful kingdoms might act as a condiment and gratify the taste.

But until we lose the lesson conveyed by the Son of Man in dealing with the Prince of Evil, whom He told on the mountain-top:

“Get thee behind Me satan”, the intellectuality of a people will count for more than the towers, temples, trade and treasuries of mighty Empires and colossal Kingdoms, which satan showed the Saviour.



---

It is to small countries, then, that we must look for that intensity of national life, which has inspired all that is best in literature, poetry, painting, sculpture and music.

And the ultimate power of the artist lies in the spirit of local patriotism and pride in the race from which he sprang.

The Irish Celt, or Gael is one of the oldest, if not the oldest people in Europe today.

Their old home may have been upon the plains and valleys once occupied by the Medes and Persians, in the lands watered by those five rivers of the Punjab, which flow into the North-West of the Indus.

Or, we may look for their old home westward, from the Indus to the Euphrates; northward from the shores of the Persian Gulf and the Arabian Sea, to the Caucasus, the Caspian and the river Oxus, of Asia.

Or, it may be possible that the Phoenicians peopled Ireland, whose home was along the East Coast of the Mediterranean, and north of Palestine

Or they may have come, as some think probable, from Spain, migrating by sea to the western coast of Ireland, long before the Visigoths, from north of the Black Sea invaded sunny Spain; long before the Alemanni occupied the Rhine provinces and a thousand years before the Huns invaded Rome, Phoenician and Spanish ships anchored in Irish harbors.

Moore happily expresses this fact in his song of Innisfail, with the ancient air of "Peggy Bawn", which translated means "Fair Margaret".

But whether the Phoenicians from the banks of the Mediterannean, or the Milesians of Spain, peopled Ireland, or whence they came, or however early they came, the gift of genius was the splendid contribution of the Irishman, to Government, Art, Architecture, Literature and Poetry.

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Let us take Government first:

Willis, the American poet, says: "The inhabitants of another country look upon the small space occupied by Ireland on the map of the world with mingled wonder and admiration when they read the long roll of her illustrious sons".

"The law with them was the law of the people".

The Irish conception of an enduring state or Nation was a thousand years ahead of the times.

Nine hundred years before the advent of Christ, Ireland had a National Legislature.

When Saint Patrick first set foot in the island he found it governed by four provincial Kings, with one chief sovereign.

What! says the man who has forgotten the day of small kingdoms, at the beginning of the Christian era, four Kings and one chief sovereign to make laws for a country as small as Ireland.

Forgetting the murderous English Heptarchy, of seven Kings, and Bede's history of England, which tells us that 700 years later (or in A. D. 680) there were four Kings in England—Egfrid, King of the Northumbrians; Ethelfrid, King of the Mercians; Aldhulf, King of East Angles, and Lothair, King of Kent; and completely overlooking the fact that if we use the title King in none but its governing sense, in which sense only, it applies to Ireland, we have here in Maryland twenty-seven State Senators, who are more potential than was any Irish King, and a Governor for an Ard Righ much more potential than was Brian Boru, the head King of Ireland under the Clan system.

Boru could take no land forcibly, the demeane around his palace situated on the spot now occupied by the town of Killaloe in County Clare on the river Shannon, was given to him by the Dalcassians, a brave and powerful clan, who occupied the district now called the County Clare.

This family of whom Mahon was one, being the brother of Boru, had for generations given Kings to Thomond, and Mahon, himself, now became King of all Munster, both Thomond and Desmond.

It may be of some importance to state that: The provinces of Munster and Leinster were not cut-up into counties until A. D., 1210. The province of Connought not until 1516, and the province of Ulster not until 1584.

The Irish Clan system was essentially a pure democracy, in fact, it went so far as to include the initiative, referendum and recall, for each tribe was supreme within its own borders.

It elected its own chief and could depose him, as they did, Dermot MacMurragh, if he acted against the laws of the commonwealth over which he presided

The Irish had no hereditary class, ability alone, not family gave one Kingship in Ireland over a nation of free men.

The Ard Righ or head King was the representative of the whole national life, but his power rested on the tradition of the people and the consent of the clans.

He could no more impose a new law than our own President can, without the consent of Congress, and it was not possible for him to force a demand of service outside the law.

Sir Henry Sumner Maine, Professor of Law at Oxford, says:

“The basic feature and structural interpretation of Ireland’s brehon laws which fathered and fostered the accused being tried by his peers, was borrowed by England from which sprung trial by jury.” And Magna Charta was stolen completely from Ireland without giving it credit.

---

The fundamental liberties of the people were never encroached upon by these brehon laws.

It punished crime wherever found and religiously protected the innocent when falsely accused.

The Brehons followed the natural laws of justice in their decisions, and their code maintained its ground amongst Irishmen down to the beginning of the 17th century; and its spirit because of its inherent justice is still alive in Ireland.

Above all, it recognized the family as the unit of society, and the home as the most sacred spot on earth, which the most powerful King dare not desecrate without a pre-paid passage of flight from Ireland to England, where the unclean could, and did get the ear of Royalty, as in the case of Dermot Mac Murragh, King of Leinster, who find-

ing an Irish princess, Dearbhorgil, the wife of O'Rouark, willing to assume the character of Helen, the Grecian lady, thought he could play Paris with impunity but immediately found that Ireland, unlike ancient Troy, demanded from its Kings the same chastity which it ever found in its women; hence Ireland was not large enough to hold Mac Murragh.

In the ultimate the people ruled and demanded the same brand of purity from prince as from peasant.

They never lost their trust in the people, hence they never exalted a central authority for their law needed no such sanction.

The code was for the whole race, while the administration of the code was divided into the widest possible range of self-governing communities which were bound together in a willing federation.



And the force and strength of the union of this great people were not material nor military but intellectual, and far more exalted than the miserable feudal system of the middle ages.

Under the feudal system of Europe every country was divided and subdivided into a vast number of independent principalities.

Thus in the 10th century France was partitioned among about a hundred and fifty overlords.

All exercising equal and co-ordinate powers of sovereignty.

Many of these lords were richer and stronger than the King himself, and if they chose to cast off their allegiance to him he found it impossible to reduce them to obedience.

The King's time was chiefly occupied in ineffectual efforts to reduce his haughty and refractory nobles to proper submission, and in feebly intervening to compose their endless quarrels with one another.

It is easy to conceive the disorder and wretchedness produced by this never ceasing turmoil.

But the splendid (tribal) system of the Irish was most beneficial in the diffusion of a very high intelligence among the whole people.

A varied education spread over many centres fertilized and enriched the individual man and exalted human nature in the Clan system by the administration of its own affairs, because a society must of needs be enriched with the life of opportunity involved in the participation of all the activities that go to make up a full community.

It is, therefore, easy to understand why the Irish never would submit to the Norman feudal system, and why they so readily adapt themselves to the principles as exemplified by the government of the United States; being to all intents Americans as soon as they touch these shores.

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Their conception of liberty was akin to that of Americans today, and whether men be Irish or American they can all subscribe to these oft-quoted words which have endeared Moore to all lovers of Liberty:

“Far dearer the grave or the prison,  
Illumined by one patriot’s name,  
Than the trophies of all who have risen  
On Liberty’s ruins to fame.”



## IRISH ART

And now of Art:

The most beautiful specimen of illuminated penmanship in the world today is the Book of Kells done by Irish writers, and now in Trinity College, Dublin.

So expert were they in the art of drawing that they could form the Gothic arch without rule or compass.

We know that Vulcan was a Grecian God; and the ancient Irish had their metal-god Goibniu, the Dedannan, who figures in many of the old romances.

While the Saxons, Danes and Normans—all belonging to the race of Northmen—were pursuing their regular vocation of ravishing, murdering and plundering the people of other nations in Western Europe, the Irish were engaged in the nobler occupation of spreading Christianity, art and learning throughout the world.

For the truth of this statement we have the testimony of not only English historians, but historians of other countries.

Mosheim, Protestant ecclesiastical historian of Germany, said:

“That the Irish were lovers of Learning and Art and distinguished themselves in those times of ignorance beyond all other European nations.”

The Irish artists in Metal work were quite as skillful as the scribes were in penmanship.

Professor Westwood, an Englishman, says: Art cultivated in Ireland and by Irishmen, known as Keltic, was absolutely distinct from that of all other parts of the civilized world; it attained in Ireland a perfection almost marvelous, and it was in after ages adopted by the Continental schools visited or established by Irish artisans.

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The ornamental patterns consisted of the most beautiful curves with interlacements, and the materials employed were gold, silver, bronze of a whitish color, gems, and enamel.

Wonderful jewels enriched the great Church of Clonmacnois, embossed chalices and golden goblets carved in the most exquisite manner by Irish artists whose splendid work was admired in all parts of Europe.

A great number of the beautiful articles made by those accomplished artists have been found from time to time, of which the most remarkable are the Cross of Cong, the Limerick Chalice, and the Tara Brooch, of the 6th century, all now to be seen in the National Museum, Dublin.

When the Tara brooch was exhibited some years ago, in one of the great London exhibitions it drew the eyes of all visitors. One English writer who examined it says: that he found a difficulty in conceiving how any fingers could have made it and that it looked more like the work of fairies than of a human artist.

Mr. Ernest A. Smith, of the Royal School of Mines, London, says: No other country in Europe possesses so much manufactured gold belonging to early times; how much wealthier was Ireland than Great Britain may be imagined from the fact that while the collection in the British Museum of pre-historic gold from England, Scotland, and Wales together amounts to but thirty-six ounces, that in the Royal Irish Academy in Dublin weighs five hundred and seventy ounces.

The art of stained-glass manufacture was brought to the very highest pitch of perfection.



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In one of the Churches in Kilkenny were very ancient stained-glass windows so superb in design and finish that hundreds of years later the Papal Legate Rinuccini offered \$4,000 for the East window of Kilkenny Church

Mural decoration has suffered much from its lack of harmony with stained-glass color schemes, and artists have been baffled by the problem of making the windows harmonize with and, in fact, become a part of the interior decoration.

Mr. Thomas A. O'Shaughnessy, a distinguished Irish-American artist of Chicago, after several years in endeavoring to find a means to overcome this difficulty in church decoration, has succeeded in making a window in which the surface mosaic effect of the window at night enriches the church interior as much as does the effect obtained when the sunlight shines upon and through the window.

He is now engaged in making a worthy representation of ancient Irish art, working on a canopy 12½ feet by 16 feet for the sanctuary of St. Patrick's Church, Chicago, and has installed the first window made by this new process in St. Mel's Church, of the same city.

Irish woolen fabrics and Irish laces of the most delicate texture and ornate patterns were celebrated on the continent one thousand years before Columbus set sail for America.

Centuries before the Norman invasion, woolen cloaks of Irish make were for sale in all the markets of Europe.

The Pope's collector was given special permission to carry away with him free of duty embossed mantles of Irish cloth, A. D. 1382.

A Limerick cloak in its style and finish was a worthy gift from one great minister of Elizabeth's court to another.

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Irish serge was used in Naples as trimming for the robes of the King and Queen.

Irish serge was known in Bologna, in Genoa, in Coma and in Florence.

It was famous in southern Spain.

Irish friezes found a market in France.

They passed up the Rhine; Richard II. gave leave to a Cologne merchant to export Irish cloth.

At Bruges and Antwerp the Irish sold the famous serges, Irish cloaks and linen sheets.

The leather of Ireland was also well known in France, Flanders, Bruges, and in England and Scotland. Belts and straps for spurs finely ornamented were gifts fit for a poet's reward.

Their fine and acute sense of color, in those early days, made their cloth dyes renowned.

Much madder was grown in Ireland, a plant of the genus *Rubia*, and woad from the leaves of which a matchless and exquisite blue was obtained.

Other traditional dyes were handed down, and Catalonian manufacturers who rivaled the skill of the Florentines sought the secret of Irish colors as well as of their fabrics.

The beautiful illumination of the Book of Kells, the Book of Mac Durnan, and numerous other old manuscripts, proves that the ancient Irish were very skilful in the production of colors.

The readers of modern Irish history know that for the last one hundred and fifty years the most important Irish manufactures were by English law deliberately destroyed.

Nevertheless, in spite of adverse circumstances, Ireland has succeeded in maintaining a position of excellence in the manufacturing industry.

This is admitted by the most implacable enemy that Ireland has ever had, the "London Times." It says:

"The world is, perhaps, so little accustomed to think of Ireland as a manufacturing country (as, indeed, it is essentially an agricultural one) that few people probably have ever considered the peculiarly high reputation which Irish made goods have won for themselves in a variety of lines.

Irish embroidery, Irish knitted gloves and coats, Irish tweeds, Irish carpets, Irish linen, Irish lace and Irish ships, all as familiar to the public outside of Ireland as are the names of Irish bacon and Irish race horses.

At Naas, Kildare, is made the sumptuous rugs (the orders being secured in competition with the world) for such hotels as the Carlton and Ritz in London, for other palatial hotels and great private houses in America, and for such steamships as the Titanic and Britannic.

These Irish rugs are Irish designed, Irish dyed, Irish made and Irish finished.

The figures given for 1911 of Ireland's export of manufactured goods reach the total of \$135,000,000.

This under alien rule, gives the mind but a glimpse of what it will be under Home rule.

## IRISH ARCHITECTURE

And now of Architecture:

Architecture is the art of investing a building designed for use, with interest, power, grandeur, unity and beauty, and that all these elements might exist and be harmoniously combined, the builder must have either the Greek or the Celtic gift of imagination.

The many relics of structures left by primeval man have an archaeological, but no architectural value, such as the prehistoric Cromlechs of Ireland consisting of one very large flat stone supported by others which are upright.

For the beginnings of the art, grand even in their infancy—we must turn to Egypt.

The oldest works of the Egyptians were the embankment of the Nile, the temple of Vulcan, and the Great Pyramid, the most gigantic work in the world—one which perhaps never will be surpassed.

Next to the pyramids in massive grandeur comes the Great Sphinx, its height from the platform on which it lies to the top of the head is 100 feet, its total length is 146 feet; across its shoulders is 34 feet, and its head from the chin to the top is 28 feet 6 inches.

It may be interesting to state that a temple was built between its paws.

But the beautiful minaret and handsome dome which gives such a charming variety of outline, were unknown to the Egyptians, and their invariable use of enormous stones for lintels, bespeak plainly their ignorance of the arch.

Such is Egyptian accomplishments.

#### What of Jewish Architecture?

Jewish architecture is practically nil. Their long sojourn in Egypt and the fact that their chief employment there seems to have been the manufacture of bricks, unfitted them for either architects or builders.



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On the conquest of Canaan, the Jews took possession of the dwellings of the vanquished people, without attempting to build any themselves.

The construction of no important building stands to their credit till the days of Solomon. And at the erection of Solomon's temple at so low an ebb was the art of building, that the Jews did not even know how to hew timber properly. (I Kings v. 6.)

Solomon therefore applied to a pagan, Hiram, King of Tyre, with whom he was on friendly terms, and that monarch sent an architect and staff of skilled workmen, to raise the first splendid temple to the true God. Sad, but true, Phœnician pagans from the City of Tyre built Solomon's temple.

This Hiram much improved insular Tyre, and in this respect was the Augustus of that ancient City, which was near the banks of the Mediterranean.

The earliest Indian architecture is in fact rock-cut caves, supported on massive piers, but the people of India were fond of tower building.

They built a nine storied tower to commemorate the defeat of Mohammed of Malwa in 1439.

In Nineveh are found fragments of great buildings constructed chiefly of sun-dried bricks, these buildings are somewhat out of proportion, they have the striking peculiarity of being elongated beyond anything known in other styles of architecture, some of them being 220 feet long by 25 feet wide, remind one of Baltimore's 12 foot front houses standing on a lot 100 feet deep.

Persia in its ancient architecture we note the tomb of Cyrus, East of the head of the Persian Gulf, and 50 years later the chief buildings of Susa were constructed. Large portions still remain and form some of the grandest ruins in existence.

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The Doric style of architecture dates back to B. C. 650.

Dorus, King of Peloponnesus built a temple to Juno in the ancient city of Argos, it was erected in the manner we now call Doric; from its founder Dorus.

The Ionic style of architecture dates back to B. C. 450.

And the Corinthian style of architecture dates back to B. C. 350.

These three latter styles are, as their names imply, Greek emanations.

The exquisite beauty of form and tasteful decoration which pervade not only Greek buildings, but every article of Greek origin, whether coin, medallion, vase, implement of war or husbandry, or even the simplest article of domestic or personal use, is evidence of their artistic ability.

But the Greeks neglected, or were ignorant of, the properties of the arch, and if it was known to the Egyptians they certainly neglected it in their greatest works.

It is not known who invented the arch. The Irish with their knowledge of Geometry could, and may have evolved the semi-circle, but whoever did, and at whatever date, the Romans made extensive practical use of it, and by its means they succeeded in doing what their predecessors in civilization had never effected.

It enabled them to carry secure and permanent roads across wide and rapid rivers, and to make brick more extensively useful than ever before.

The Romans surpassed every other nation in road-building.

But to the Greeks, however, the Romans were indebted for their knowledge of the more polished forms of architecture.

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Before the conquest of Greece by Rome the structures of Rome appear to have been rude and inelegant.

The Romans stole outright from the Greeks, the Corinthian style of architecture, and this style became to the Romans what the Doric had been to the Greeks—their national style of architecture.

The temple of Vesta, at Tivoli, is built in this style.

And like the Jews who got the Phoenicians from the City of Tyre to build Solomon's temple, the Romans got Corinthian Greeks to raise the temple of Vesta, the most beautiful example of the Corinthian order in existence.

In speaking about the domestic and public architecture of Pompeii we must remember that its beauty and glory is to be attributed to the fact that Pompeii was a Greek colony.

The Romans copied their leading forms from the Greeks.

True the Apse, and the circle on plane, the dome, and the arch in elevation were his.

But he never dreamt of the pointed arch, or Gothic style of architecture.

Hence, through Italy, Asia Minor, Sicily, France, Syria, Africa and England was built a Romanized style of Greek architecture, suitable to private, public or pagan purposes.

The East modified to some extent Roman art, and this modification is known as Byzantine, of which St. Mark's in Venice is a splendid example.

A hurried bird's eye view of the mainland of Europe will satisfy one that armaments not architecture occupied the minds of men and that Ireland in those times of turmoil was the only spot

on all the earth that was peaceful enough to give birth to that religious style of architecture—the Gothic, with an aspect so holy that it is used but for worship only and within its portals one feels, as it were, the breath of God.

From the days when the Romans called upon their gods to save them from Hannibal to the breaking up of the Roman empire, which was overwhelmed in the West by Odoacer, King of Heruli, a German tribe, and who was first to assume the title, King of Italy, A. D. 476; all Europe was a battle field.

And the Eastern part of the Roman Empire ended with the capture of Constantinople and the death of Constantine XIII. in 1453. Drawing the contour of mountains and maps of roads, not Gothic or any other style of architecture, is the work of warriors.

Theodoric, an Ostrogoth (eastern Goth) was ruler of Italy, and after his death in 527, Justinian, Emperor of the East came and ravished her fields, and with her cities in ruins was reunited to the Empire.

But the Lombards, a barbarian tribe entered Italy in 568, and conquered the lower part of the peninsula which was again lost to the Empire.

And the Lombards in turn were destroyed by Charles the Great (in 774),—burning, not building was their trade.

The Visigoths (Western Goths) (in 711) were in the possession of Southern Gaul and Spain until their rule was ended by the Saracens in the 8th century. Swordsmen, not Gothic draughtsmen, were these.

The Burgundians (in 534) were in South-Eastern Gaul and came into collision with the Franks on the north and were reduced by them to a state of dependence. They were familiar with the pointed sword, but not with the pointed arch.



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The Vandals under the lead of Geiseric bore down upon Rome and sailed down the Tiber with heavy spoils of the ancient City.

He did yield to the prayers of Pope Leo the Great, and promised to leave the inhabitants of the Imperial City their lives; but being Arian christians, robbery of the orthodox christians was to them more religious than building temples.

The Franks whom Clovis united and laid the foundation of the French nation, became so weak after his death in (A. D. 511) that for a century and a half her inefficient rulers were contemptuously called do-nothing Kings. The French in those days did not produce new styles of architecture, even in ladies hats.

In Britain, when Rome withdrew her legions, in the 5th century, in order to protect Italy, England was submerged by hosts of Anglo-Saxon corsairs from the Continent.

And although the famous Celtic chief, King Arthur, made heroic resistance against the pagan invaders—the Angles, Saxons and Jutes—the 6th century saw the savage saxons successful.

They set up 8 or 10 kingdoms euphonously, but inaccurately, called a Heptarchy, and amidst perpetual strife until the middle of the 9th century or 840, they slayed and murdered one another for supremacy.

All Europe outside of Ireland was given over to war; worshipped Mars of the mailed hand, and had neither the inclination nor time to produce a style of architecture—the Gothic—which indissolubly links architecture with religion.

What architecture the English had previous to and including the 11th century was derived solely from Roman examples.

Saint Paul's, in London, the Church of which Macauley predicts, some New Zealander will view its ruins from a broken arch of London bridge, was not commenced until late in the seventeenth century (1675) and was not finished until the tenth year of the Eighteenth century.

It was left for a christian people, on whose trees the Roman Eagle never perched—the Irish—to produce a style of architecture—the Gothic—so holy, even in its exterior outlines, that in passing, we lift our hat in reverence to the living God.

The Irish were great builders, as we see by the round Towers many of which were built in pre-christian times, but not all, for some of them, in Ulster, owe their existence to Gobban Saer—Gobban the Builder—a distinguished architect born on the coast north of Dublin, who built the Round Towers of Antrim, and many others throughout Ireland.

Aengus McNathamore, a distinguished Irish builder of the first century erected Dun Aengus the great fort of Aranmore upon the summit of cliffs 300 feet high. Its sea front measures 1,150 feet, the walls are 13 feet thick and 18 feet high. This fort has been characterized as "The greatest monument of its kind in Europe."

Whether the Round Towers of Ireland were built for the emergency of war, or as an index finger pointing to omnipotence, they proclaim, like the great pyramids of Egypt, of their builders, that our early ancestors had an intimate acquaintance not only with square, plumb, compass, level and circle but attained the very highest proficiency in Geometry.

The Englishman, Dr. Reeves, says, that "Gobban Saer's Church in the County Dublin, built with a pointed, or Gothic, arch in the 7th century received its name from this Irish architect.

On mountain cliffs, in valleys, by the waterside, on secluded islands, lie ruins of ancient Irish Churches, many of them small in size, but built in the Gothic style of architecture of which Grace Protestant Episcopal Church, on the corner of Park Avenue and Monument Street, in its size and outline, if put on the banks of Lough Neagh, Lough Corrib, or "by Killarney's lakes and dells" would be typical of the little buildings which preserved for centuries an apostolic simplicity.

In the dedication of these truly national churches no foreign saints were taken, only their own holy Irishmen were honored as patrons.

Even Spenser, who thought it necessary to defame Ireland that he might, with better grace, laud Elizabeth, says:

"Of hewen stone the porch was fairly wrought,  
Stone more of value, and more smooth and fine  
Than jet or marble far, from Ireland brought."

(Spenser, *Fairy Queen* B. II. Canto IX vers. 24).

One of the best historians of architecture, Mr. James Fergusson, when preparing the ground for his work of 4 vols., by a survey of the characteristics of different races in relation to his art, says, that:

“The true glory of the Celt in Europe, is his artistic eminence: it is not too much to assert that without his intervention, we should not have possessed in modern times, a picture, or a statue or a church worthy of the name”.

To the Irish Celts we are indebted for the most beautiful and religious style of church architecture in existence—

The Gothic, with its pure pointed arch a style of arch unknown in Europe before it evolved from an Irish mind, for as you know the Goths, like the Huns and Vandals, tore down instead of building up.

Many attempts have been made by Englishmen, to do away with the term Gothic, and call the pointed arch style British.

In fact the British Society of Antiquaries, such men as Horace Walpole and John Carter have contended for the exclusive term English.

But John Ruskin who knew as much about architecture as any other man in England, rather than rob the Irish outright of the honor, preferred, in true English style, to do an egg-dance around the subject. Listen to what he says, in "The Stones of Venice:"

"I am not sure when the word 'Gothic' was first generically applied to the architecture of the *North*, but I presume that, whatever the date of its original usage, it was intended to imply reproach. It never implied that its builders were literally of Gothic lineage, and far less that the style had been originally invented by the Goths themselves."

It simply meant that it was foreign to the eyes of the Roman Empire which were used to seeing the Doric, Ionic and Corinthian styles of architecture all evolved in Greece, and considered every innovation the act of a people rude like the Goths.

Now if Ruskin's racial antipathies had not impelled him to close his eyes and do an injustice to Ireland, he could have seen,

Holy Cross Abbey, County Tipperary, built in 1082, which is cruciform in design and Gothic in character.

Or he could have examined

Askeaton Abbey, County Limerick, and found it one of the finest remains of the Gothic style and of ancient art in Ireland.

Or he could have gone to Scotland, and on a clear day he could have looked across the narrow channel, and see a splendid specimen of an early Gothic arch in



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Donegal Abbey, County Donegal, Ireland, (15th Cent)

But lest, Holy Cross, Askeaton, and Donegal Abbeys, built from the 11th to the 15th century, be considered Mediaeval and not ancient enough to credit Ireland with the emanation of the Gothic style of architecture.

We will take the doubter back until he must doubt his doubt, by placing him in the magnificent Gothic door-way of

Castledermot Abbey, County Kildare, which was founded by Diarmid, son of King Aedh Roin, of Ulidia, in the year 800, that should certainly, satisfy the doubt of any doubter.

But should he still doubt Ireland's claim, and want like Thomas to put his finger in an earlier Gothic opening, he can go to

County Cork, Ireland, and see  
Cloyne Abbey,  
built in the 6th Century.

And Ruskin could have seen that the windows and doors of this Abbey are pure and magnificent examples of the Gothic style of architecture.

No inquiry.

No investigation.

No pervestigation.

No research.

Will enable Ruskin or any one else, to find in all Europe a Gothic building ante-dating,

Cloyne Abbey,

of the 6th century.

But Ruskin, is an Englishman, and it may be possible that that fact impells him, to use the word *North*, when he means *Ireland*, for if you look at a map of Europe, you will find that Ireland is north of every other country in the *mainland* of Europe, and on a level with Denmark, the pirates from which gave Ireland a three hundred year war.

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Their King Guthrum made Alfred the Great flee for his life to the marshes of the river Parret (in 878).

They overran England until Alfred (in 895) defeated them.

But as late as the Eleventh century the Danes came back conquered England giving her five Kings—Sweyn (1013) Canute (1014) Canute II. (1016) Harold Harefoot (1035) and Hardicanute (1039 to 1042). In A. D. 800 the Danes planted a colony in England on every inlet of the sea.

King Edmond they shot to death with arrows (1016) during the reign of Canute II.

They slew every English King, and wiped out every English royal house, save that of Wessex, and in their place set up their own Kings, in Northumbria and East Anglia, and by their confederations of towns they ruled England by Danish law.

At last Wessex itself was conquered and a Danish King, Canute (1013) ruled over all England from centre to sea.

Canute's object was to subdue Ireland, make a vast Northern Empire with its centre at London.

But the invincible power of the Irish tribal system for defense barred the way of the invaders.

In this terrific struggle Magnus III. King of Norway (in 1103) was killed in an attempt to subdue Ireland.

A Norwegian leader, Thorgils, made one supreme effort to conquer Ireland.

He fixed his capital at Armagh, and set up at its shrine the worship of Thor, while his wife, who was a kind of Mrs. Eddie Baker, of her day, gave her oracles from the high altar of Clonmacnois, on the banks of the Shannon, in the prophetess' cloak set with precious stones to the hem, the necklace of cut-glass beads, the staff, and the great skin pouch of charms; but the deep penetrating mind of the Celt was, at that day, too actue for the religious nonsense of Norway's necromancy.

Thorgils was taken prisoner, executed, and his wife, the Charming charmer, owing to Irish chivalry, was but sent back to the barren rocky cliffs of Norway.

The Danes who held long and secure possession of England and a great part of Scotland and Normandy were never able to occupy permanently any part of Ireland.

Through 300 years of war no Irish royal house was destroyed, no Kingdom was extinguished, and no national supremacy of the Danes replaced the national supremacy of the Irish.

But the possession and supremacy of the Danes over England, was held until the death of Hardicanute (in 1042) when the English line to the throne was restored, in the person of Edward the Confessor.

The Danes and Northmen were brave and hardy sailors, and their ungenerous, rocky soil impelled them to piracy and destruction.

They were not in the Gothic building business.

The world must give credit to religious Ireland, for the emanation of that religious style of architecture, known as Gothic but which should be called Irish.

Because the Irish were essentially a pastoral people, who like the Persians, would not confine their Gods within walls.

They with their druid priests, worshipped in the groves, where they often saw the Gothic style spring from nature, when an avenue of trees, with the trunks apart, but whose boughs and branches would lovingly kiss at the top.

But there was a further reason, which impelled Irish architects to adopt the pointed arch, not alone that it was the strongest form, which it is, but that it was also the most beautiful form in which a window or a door-head can be built.

For its outlines are but patterned after the Irish ash-leaf, which has a Gothic contour, that delights the eye with its grace and character; because it is the work of God in nature.

And buildings built in this religious style, admit of as much variety, as the Almighty gave the very leaves of the Irish ash.

A magnificent example of nature's Gothic, can be seen by standing in front of the Mansion House, in Druid Hill Park, a name borrowed from Ireland, and looking toward the Lake.

The Irish of those times enobled labor; they followed nature, and the man that did the thinking did the execution; he was a human being, not an animated tool, for the same man that designed, was, like Michael Angelo, able to put into execution the emanation of his mind, and thus labor was dignified by the blending of muscle and intellect in the artisan.

Irish stone-masons, in the 7th, 8th and 9th centuries, went throughout Europe, building these beautiful Gothic temples to God, asking no remuneration but their food while working.

Free-masons they were, indeed, in the literal acceptation of the term, building several of them in France, Switzerland and Germany.

The Cologne Cathedral is one of the most imposing monuments of Gothic architecture in the world.

This edifice was begun in the 11th Century, but was not finished until our own day (1880).

We have splendid specimens of this Irish style of architecture—for Gothic is a misnomer—in our own City here, the Mount Vernon Place Methodist Episcopal Church, corner of Mount Vernon Place and Charles Street, and the First Presbyterian Church on the Northwest corner of Park Avenue and Madison Street, which was built almost exclusively by Irish stone-masons.



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Neither sneer nor smirk will shadow the fact, nor vanish the verity, that the early Irish, who were the educators of Germany; who gave the Italian, Dante, the groundwork for his Divine Comedy; who taught the English their letters; who educated Alfred the Great, and christianized his pagans; who were the most expert jewel-smiths then in the world, and whose astronomical knowledge was taken advantage of and utilized by Charlemagne, could and did evolve the Gothic (Irish) style of architecture.



## IRISH LITERATURE

And now of Literature:

Separated from the mainland of Europe where Infinity seemed to have encircled it from the ruin of European civilization, the culture of Erin was never interrupted by the Northern hordes which overran the continent, hence Ireland's intellectuality was the aurora borealis, in the otherwise starless night of the middle ages.

The fall of the Roman Empire which scattered the Goths and Vandals, Burgundians and Franks over the West of Europe to the Atlantic and South across the Mediterranean to Africa and the Saxons northward to Great Britain, left Ireland, because untouched and unconquered, the School-house of Europe.

The pagan English (in 547) had set up a monarchy in Northumbria and the lowlands, intending to wipe out the Picts and the Irish or Scot settlements along the coast.

But the statesman, patriot, poet, scholar and leader of the Celtic world, Columcille, through power of the principles of human brotherhood and religion converted the King of the Picts at Inverness (in 565), restored the Scot settlement from Ireland which later gave its name to Scotland, and consecrated as King the Irish Aidan, ancestor of the Kings of Scotland and England.

Irish missionaries went over the most of England and had it practically christianized before Pope Gregory sent St. Augustine, with his Roman missionaries (597) who with much trepidation landed on the Island of Thanet where they were detained by the order of Ethelbert until he assured himself that their magic was not superior to his.

But Augustine and his 40 missionaries on account of hating "barbarism", and speaking no English made no, or but little progress, and after some reverses their labors were practically confined to Kent.

In 662 there was but one Bishop in the whole of England who was not of Irish consecration.

And this Bishop, Agilbert of Wessex, was a Frenchman who had been, for years, educated in Ireland.

The great school of Malmesbury, in Wessex was founded by an Irishman, as that of Lindisfarne—a small Island off Northumberland ( $3 \times 1\frac{3}{4}$  miles; at low water it can be walked to; high water the strait covered by sea is  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles—) had been in the north by the Irish Bishop Aidan.

“That man is to be little envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plains of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow among the ruins of Iona” the ancient home of Columcille, so says: Dr. Johnson, (Scotch Western Isles Journey.)

It was Columcille more than any other one man who found England a mere congeries of warring tribes, civilized it, and by christianizing it, brought it into union with the rest of Europe: so says the Englishman, The Venerable Bede.

Not that Columcille was able to uproot all the paganism and savagery that then existed in England;

Neither he nor Augustine did that;

For Saxo Grammaticus, the Danish historian, tells us that "their lives were so primeval in practices and concepts,—a people so suspicious, melancholy and full of grim slaughter, that for analogues we have to turn to surviving savage tribes.

In the 7th century (A. D. 665) two Kings of the East Saxons, Sighers and Sebbi; Sighers with his people turned apostate during a pestilence and became idolaters.

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What Columcille did for England, Columbanus the finished scholar of Gaelic, Latin, Greek and Hebrew, did for France.

He founded a school in Luxeuil among the ruined heaps of a Roman City once the cross-roads between Italy and France, but now left by the barbarians a wilderness for wild beasts.

Other houses from this one branched out into France and Switzerland and (in 600) he founded his monastery and school at Bobio in the Apennines, wherein were taught rhetoric, geometry and poetry.

For a quarter of a century he spoke and battled against the vice and ignorance of half-pagan Bergundy, did this Irishman.

At Rome he was received graciously by Gregory the Great, and his passion for piety took such a hold on the people that for a time it seemed as if the rule of the Irishman Columbanus might outdo that of the Italian, St. Benedict. (Green.)

Bede tells us that, during the reign of Sigbert over the East-Saxons, the Irishman Fursa, after preaching and teaching for years in Ireland, went over to England (A. D. 730) to christianize the East Angles.

And Sigbert was so pleased at his coming that he gave him Burg Castle, in Suffolk, and gladly built schools for him on the ground of the realm and the King of the province Annu embellished it with more stately buildings and an endowment.

Oswald, King of the Northumberland (7th Cent) induced the splendid French, Latin and Gaelic scholar, Aidan, to go over to England to help in the education and conversion of his subjects to Christianity.

A County Waterford man—Gotofor—was a distinguished classical, French and Arabic scholar (13th Cent.)



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He travelled extensively in the East, and translated several works from Latin, Greek and Arabic into the French language.

St. Gall, a disciple of Columbanus, is patron Saint of St. Gall, called after him in Switzerland.

Charlemagne (in A. D. 792) hearing of the wisdom and learning of Albin and Clement, two Irishmen, who were then in France, sent for them and requested of Albin that he teach in the monastery of St. Augustine at Pavia, in Italy; and was delighted to get Clement, to whom he entrusted the education of Frenchmen in one of the principal schools of Paris.

St. Kilian christianized Bavaria and is the apostle of Franconia.

Pelagius, the subtle and persuasive heresiarch, whose family name was Morgan, taught in Rome, in the year 400.

He carried on a discussion in Jerusalem in 415 with Orosius, the Spaniard, in which he spoke Greek while Orosius needed an interpreter and Zimmer reminds us that had he not learned Greek in Ireland he could not have learned it in Rome.

And though his ideas on original sin were (erroneous and) not in accord with Church doctrine, his literary ability is a proof that, at that early time, even before St. Patrick came to Ireland, a liberal education was possible and common to many.

The patron Saint of the Canton of Glarus in Switzerland is an Irishman whom the Swiss in their violent way of translating Celtic names called St. Fridslan. (Feehan.)

The astronomer Dungal was an Irishman from the County Clare.

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He was eminent as a teacher of astronomy and (in 811 A. D.) was consulted by Charlemagne concerning an eclipse which had taken place the year before.

Now why was Dungal consulted by Charlemagne? Because Irish astronomers knew more about the movement of the heavenly bodies at that time than any other people on earth.

It is of little use to make a statement unless one can corroborate it by facts.

And it is only by facts, that I shall prove that the work of the civil engineers and astronomers of Ireland was pre-eminent, thousands of years ago.

Let us brush away the technical and come down to the practical that everyone understands.

The length of a mile, should correspond to one-sixtieth part of the length of a degree, or one minute of latitude, which is, 6,075 80-100 feet.

Now that being a fact you can make your own calculation, and find that the Irish mile of 6,720 feet, is really 152 feet nearer to accuracy than the English mile of 5,280 feet.

This is really wonderful when we take into consideration the very early period in pre-christian times in which Irish engineers and astronomers legalized the standard of the Irish mile, and contrasting it with the English mile which was made legal as late as the reign of Elizabeth.

Washington Irving, tells us that one of the moving causes which led Columbus to enquire of the land beyond the ocean was the Roman records of the mariner, Brendan, the Irishman who discovered America 515.

Matthew Arnold, speaking of Brendan says:

“St. Brendan sails the northern main,

The brotherhood of Saints are glad,

He greets them once, he sails again—

So late—such storms—the Saint is mad.”

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Sir James Ware all of whose ancestors were English proves in his "Treatise on Irish writers" that the English Saxons received from the Irish their characters or letters and with them the arts and sciences that have flourished since among these people.

Moreri, the French biographer, says: Ireland has given the most distinguished professors to the most famous universities of Europe, as Claudius Clements to Paris; Albuinus to Pavia, Virgilius (Ferghil) who taught the existence of the antipodes eight hundred years before Galileo, to Salzburg; and Scotus Erigenia to Oxford, England. Green the English historian, says:

Irishmen brightened the intellect of Europe by education, but they could not in those early days take all the animal out of man.

Irish scholars journeyed to Compostello, in Spain, to Rome and through Greece to the Jordan and Jerusalem teaching poetry and their fine art of illuminated writing, and those who among them were priests preaching the gospel to the people.

The Irish Bishop, John of Mecklenburg, preached to the Vandals between the Elbe in Germany and the Vistula, the great river of Poland.

Marianus, the Irishman, on his pilgrimage to Rome, stopped at Regensburg on the Danube and founded there (A. D. 1068) two monasteries; there were, about this time, twelve Irish convents in Germany and Austria.

Irishmen who went to the Continent in those days always took latin names which were generally translations of their Irish names. An Irish Abbot was head of a monastery in Bulgaria.

It was an Irish professor, in the Paris University, (A. D. 1100) who taught the only Englishman that ever sat in the Papal chair,—Adrian IV—and it is a tradition with the Munster people that, that Irish professor did a self-imposed penance for four years, from the time Adrian issued the “bull” to Henry II. (1155) empowering him to go over to Ireland to improve a people who were the school-masters of Europe, to the English Pope’s death (in 1159).

England would have Irishmen forget the thousand years of their ancient glory and commence their history from Adrian’s “Bull.”

Irishmen were chaplains of Conrad III (1152) who led an army to the holy wars, and which was destroyed by Greek treachery, and of his successor Frederick Barbarossa, Emperor of Germany (who destroyed Milan 1162).

The Irishman Fursa is as well known on the continent as in Munster, his birthplace.

Dr. Reeves says: that St. Fursa has profoundly affected the eschatology of Christianity by defining the conceptions of men with regard to that mysterious region on which every man enters after death.

It was this Fursa whose visions were known all over Ireland, Great Britain, and France; Bede, himself dedicates a good deal of space to Fursa's visions.

Now Dante was acquainted with Bede's writings, for he expressly mentions him, and Bede's account of Fursa and Fursa's own life may have been familiar to Dante and furnished him with the groundwork of part of the Divine Comedy of which it seems a kind of prototype; a large number of close parallels has been pointed out between Fursa's vision and Dante's poem which seem altogether too striking to be fortuitous.



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Ireland is a country which will not yield and cannot die, qualities which make Ralph Waldo Emerson, the eminent New England scholar, say:

“The Irish are the oldest people on earth today. He asks, Where are the Greeks? Where are the Etrurians? Where are the Romans? But the Celts, have come down to the present day, of whose beginning there is no memory, and their end is likely to be still more remote in the future. They educated Britain and gave to the seas and mountains names which are poems and imitate the pure voices of nature; they had an alphabet, astronomy and a rare culture, long, long in the past.”

Rev. Isaac Taylor,—an Englishman, says, “that there is not a stream, current, brook or channel in Europe which is not Celtic named; the names of all the large rivers of Europe and a very great number of the smaller streams are Gaelic though distorted in orthography”.

In Gaelic the word for water is "UISGE", from which we get a great number of streams and rivers, as ESK, ESKER, ISIS, ISCA, and UX and many others.

The word "REA" in Gaelic means rapid from which we get names for many English rivers, such as the RAY, RHEE, ROY, ROE, RODEN and RIBBLE. On the Continent we find the RHINE, RHONE, REGGE, RHA and RHENO.

DON,—is an obsolete Gaelic word for water; it is found in the names of many rivers in Europe.

In the British Isles are DON, DANE, DUN, EDEN, TYNE, TEIGNE, TYNET and BANDON.

Gaelic river names are spread throughout the Continent, such as DANUBE, DON, ADONIS, DERDON, ROSCODON and many others.

From the Gaelic TAM, which means spreading—or quiet—we get the rivers TAME, THAMES, TEMA and TAVE.

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From CAM,—the Gaelic for Crooked is derived CAMLAD, CAMBECK and CAMON.

GRAV, in Gaelic means rough, from which we get GARRA, YARE, GARWAY, YARROW and GARELOCH.

Many other groups of Gaelic river names might be traced and added to these to support our claim that early Irish scholars spread learning and literature from the Shannon to the Thames, from the Thames to the Tiber and from the Tiber to the Tigris.

Queen Osberga looked through all Europe in A. D. 864 for a fully equipped school to which she could send her son Alfred, afterwards Alfred the Great, and selected Ireland as the place wherein history, mathematics, geography and poetry could be best taught.

And when Alfred became King in A. D. 875, his first care after driving out the Danes in A. D. 878, was the education of the English people in the higher branches of learning and poetry, and with that end in view, he invited, and was delighted to get, one of the greatest scholars of his time, John Scotus Erigenia, an Irishman.

Erigenia was distinguished for his knowledge of Greek which was taught in Ireland's schools for hundreds of years previously, and none but God knows how it got there, but there it was in all its pristine vigor and native purity.

So proficient were they in latin that they translated the "Iliad" from latin into their native tongue the Gaelic.

Throughout Europe Irishmen became chancellors of universities, professors in colleges, and high officials in every European state.

A Kerry man was physician to the King of Poland.

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Another Kerry man, confessor to the Queen of Portugal and sent by the King on an embassy to Louis XIV.

A Donegal man, O'Glacan, was privy councillor to the King of France.

And in modern times one of the finest pieces of literature; as great a pen picture as ever was written is Burke's "Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful". Its excellence of diction and originality of thought and luxuriant flow of English at once attracted the attention of Blair, Hume, Sir Joshua Reynolds and other eminent men of the time.

Even Dr. Johnson, who at that time was in the zenith of his power surrounded by a constellation of which every star was of the first magnitude, and before whose caustic criticisms the literary world trembled, acknowledged the youthful Irishman, Edmund Burke, of 26 years, his equal; whose penetration was more searching and comprehensive than his own.

I like Burke, not only for his splendid "Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful", but for the beautiful and sublime words he spoke in 1776 in favor of American independence.

The world has no parallel, never had a parallel in its history where there was cast out of any country such genius, learning, and industry, as the English flung, as it were, into the sea.

And along with that supreme and unselfish loyalty to their race and the unswerving fidelity with which they cherished the language, poetry, history and freedom of their country Irish exiles have stood pre-eminent for their love of liberty, even to the laying down of their lives when the lands of their adoption needed the sacrifice.



*Erin's ancient emblem; evidence of an intimate acquaintance with the noblest and grandest of all the sciences, Poetry, that raises the soul from earth to heaven, and gives man the innocent pleasures of the Angels.*

## IRISH POETRY

What of Irish Poetry:

Music, is the universal language of man, the same in all tongues, because it appeals to the heart and, "their never was separate heart-beat in all the races of men."

The pleasures of the taste are varied because animalistic.

The pleasures of the eye are pleasures of the intellect, demanding contrast and variety running to square, round, octagon, blue, black, gray or green appealing to the mind.

It was through the eye to the mind that St. Patrick appealed when he plucked the Shamrock from the sod, held it up in full view of King, Druids, Bards and people and explained the Trinity by its three leaves from one stem.

But the pleasures of the ear go right to the heart entrancing it with delight, or appealing to the most tender emotions, as the effect of the cry of a babe has on the heart of a mother, going right to her soul.



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And the Irish people have a mountain of music and melody which speak, not so much to the intellect of the chosen few, as German or Italian oratorios, but which is the language of the emotions the bursting forth into song of the heart and the soul of the Irishman, yea, of the plain people of all nationalities.

The Celt has never looked upon life as the progression of a protoplasm vivified by a sun-ray.

He rides no such moon-beams.

He knows that he is made in the image and likeness of God.

And he has too much faith in the Almighty, to act as did Goethe's Faust, who because he could not know all things, threw himself into the embrace of Mephistopheles.

To the Irish mind there is nothing more natural than the supernatural.

He feels that God is behind every phenomenon of the universe, and this sublime faith satisfies the longings of his soul, and keeps him from going,—like Saul in disguise, or otherwise, to “A Witch of Endor.”

He knows that at his door every morning the musical melody of the spheres out of the Irish horizon can be felt as the day god advances on his march to the Zenith, vivifying his ideas by clothing them with hope; and diamond-decorating them with a faith which carry him to the verge of infinity where the gossamer of sacredness but barely veils the presence of God.

Under the poetic inspiration of this—Ireland’s beautiful scenery, Handel produced his Oratorio of the Messiah”, and this, the noblest and grandest of all church music was first played in the City of Dublin.

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From the very earliest times the Irish were celebrated for their skill in music, and Irish professors and teachers of music were almost as much in request in foreign countries as those of literature.

The poetic influence of the ancient Irish on the continent says Dr. Sigerson, began in the works of the Irishman Sedulius, whose "Carmen Paschale", published in the fifth century, is the first great Christian epic worthy of the name.

This Irishman who lived in the first half of the fifth century is called the virgil of theological poetry.

He traveled through Gaul and Italy passing into Greece wherein he made Achaia his home. (Sedulius-Shiel).

The bards of ancient Ireland were one of the privileged orders; a class of great influence who might be made either powerful friends or turned into unrelenting foes.

St. Patrick recognized the propriety of dealing with this potential class.

As a class, they had no special interest like the Druids,—priests of the sun worship—to be opposed to St. Patrick.

And here let me say that if there is an exalted worship outside of a belief in one true God, our pagan Irish ancestors had it; no bowing down to a block, or rock, or a golden calf, but a lifting up of the heart and soul to the visible giver of all material life, fructification and prosperity—the Sun.

Hence Dubthach Mac Luchair, the arch poet of Erin became Patrick's fast friend and most sagacious counsellor, and his influence with the people when he said: "This harp of mine will never again resound save in the praises of love and Patrick's God."

Worked for the interest of the infant Church, bringing it many converts.

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And this friendly alliance of St. Patrick with the bards of Erin is recognized in all our national traditions, and finds expression in the ancient tales of the Saint's kindly relations with Ossian, the most renowned of all the bards of Erin, and whom MacPherson, the Scotchman, attempted to steal from us. History is full of robberies, America should be called Columbia, not as a poetical title, but to emphasize an historical fact, and Scotia, Minor, Scotland has attempted—often with undeserving success—to steal from Scotia, Major, Ireland facts which belong to, and which should shed lustre on Ireland.

In the middle of the 7th century, Gertrude, Abbess of Nivelles, in Belgium, daughter of Pepin, Mayor of the Palace, and who became virtual master of the Frank monarchy, engaged Saint Foillan and Saint Ultan, brothers of the Irish Saint Fursa, to instruct her pupils in psalmody.

In the latter half of the 9th century the cloister schools of St. Gall, in Switzerland, were conducted by an Irishman, Maengel, or Marcellus, under whose teaching the music there attained its highest fame.

It was the Irish Celts who taught the English the Art of Rhyme.

The English knew something of

“Apt Alliteration’s Artful Aid” but they knew absolutely nothing of Rhyme.

And might I, myself, alliterate a little on them, and say that they knew neither Rhyme nor Reason in dealing with Ireland, or with the Boers of South Africa, or with the people of India which was the land of gold and gems and of palaces that were dreams of beauty, until England’s lust for loot ladronized it.

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They were taught to rhyme by our Erigena's and hundreds of Irish literary teachers, called "Culdees"—from Angus Ceile De, a missionary monk of the eighth century—who went from Ireland "to soothe the Saxons' savage breast." And show the Cross as heaven's crest.

Think not, my friends, that my native feeling gives birth to these words you have just heard from me, it does not, these words are from the lips of two Englishmen, Mathew Arnold and John Morley.

And Mr. Morley, the Englishman says that "The main current of English literature cannot be disconnected from the lively Celtic wit in which it has its source and a poetic imagination but for which the Northmen's blood in France would not have quickened, nor would Germanic England have produced a Shakespeare," who got his plot for his *Mid-summer Night's Dream* from Irish Fairy folk-lore.

Mathew Arnold says: "The Saxon doesn't claim an open and clear mind nor a quick flexible intelligence" hence their inability to voice the ideal and paint in words what they never either mentally or spiritually felt.

In speaking of the Irish Arnold again says: "The ancient Celt's quick feeling for that which is noble and distinguished gave his poetry style; his indomitable personality gave it pride and passion; his sensibility and nervous exaltation gave it a better gift still—the gift of rendering with wonderful felicity the musical charm of nature.

And to add to the authority of these two splendidly educated Englishmen, let us hear what the erudite German philologist, the great Zeus, says on this tremendous claim for the Irishman, a claim in comparison with which everything else that he has done in literature pales into insignificance; yet it has been made for him by the foremost scholars of Europe.



The great Zeus, himself is emphatic on this point:

“The form of Irish poetry” he writes, “to judge both from the older and the more recent examples adduced, is more ornate than the poetic form of any other nation and from the fact of their greater orateness, it undoubtedly came to pass at the very time the Roman Empire was hastening to its ruin, the Irish poems passed over not only into the song of the Latins, but also into those of other nations and remained in them, and the advance toward Rhyme made in the Latin poetry of the Anglo-Saxons is to be unhesitatingly ascribed to Irish influence.”

“We must believe,” writes Zeus, that this form was introduced among them by the Irish as were the arts of writing and of painting and of ornamenting manuscripts, since they, themselves, in common with the other Germanic nations made use in their poetry of nothing but alliteration.

Kuno Meyer, the great German literatus and Gaelic scholar, gives a wonderful example of technical difficulties overcome by an Irish bard in a six-syllable metre with dissyllabic endings.

I shall hand up to some poet the "tour de force" of this which consists of laying stress in the beginning of each succeeding stanza upon the word which ended the last.

The first stanzas translated into the metre of the original, run as follows:

"Bless, O Christ, my speaking  
King of heavens seven,  
Strength and wealth and power  
In this hour be given.

Given, O thou brightest,  
Destined chains to sever,  
King of Angels glorious,  
And victorious ever.

Ever o'er us shining,  
Light to mortals given,  
Beaming daily, nightly,  
Brightly out of heaven."

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This may not excel in the true poetic spirit, but Kuno Meyer thought it was a splendid instance of mastering the difficult.

Macaulay says: "That the most wonderful and splendid proof of genius, in a people, is their facility of expressing the power of the intellect, and the emotions of the heart in poetry" and in this the Irish were pre-eminent.

Hence sincerely the immortal Mozart said: "I would rather be the composer of that beautiful Irish melody 'Eileen Aroon' than all the works that ever came from my pen".

The great accomplished Italian, Francesco Geminiani, left in his history of music these words: "there is no original music in the West of Europe, except that which is left us by Irish bards."

Most people, owing to their comparative neglect of Irish history, are of the opinion that the bards were harpers, or at least musicians of some sort.

But they were nothing of the kind.

Not until the latter half of the Seventeenth century, after the Treaty of Limerick was violated (1691) did the verse-maker or bard merge into the musician, and the harper and bard became fused in one, as was the case with Carolan, commonly called the last of the bards, and who died, in 1738, a few years before Moore was born.

It was this same Turlough O'Carolan, born in Meath, 1670, who in 1730 gave us the air "Anacreon in Heaven" this air was first published in America by Mathew Carey, an Irishman, in "The Vocal Companion" in 1796.

And Francis Scott Key directed his song "The Star-Spangled Banner" to be sung to the air of "Anacreon in Heaven."

Stafford Smith, the alleged composer of the air, entered the copyright of his "Fifth Book of Canzonets," the collection of which contained it, on May 14, 1799, and he only arranged the tune in the form of a glee; and though he lived till 1836 he never laid claim to its composition.

"Anacreon in Heaven" had been printed in 1771, before Smith had published anything.

The music and words were reprinted by Anne Lee, of Dublin, in 1780, and it had appeared in many collections before Smith included it in his.

The legend of the air's English origin was created by Chappell who mistook Smith's collection for Smith's composition, and Mr. Sonneck, chief of the Division of Music in the library of Congress followed Chappell.

It seems Providential in its fitness that this magnificent American national air should originate in Ireland and in its being set by Key's order to the deathless song that was inspired by the sight of the American flag floating triumphantly from Fort MacHenry.

Doctor MacHenry, Washington's army surgeon in 1776 and Secretary of War in 1796, and for whom the fort was named was an Irishman.

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But to get out of the boreen into which the flag of our heart, and Key, enticed us.

The popular conception of the bard with long white beard and the large harp may be poetic but it is grotesquely wrong.

The bards were verse makers pure and simple, and they were no more musicians than the poet laureate of England.

Their business was to construct their poems after the wonderful and complex models of the schools and the musicians or harpers who rendered these poems, though a numerous, educated and honorable class were absolutely distinct from the bards.

This honorable class which in cultured, ancient Erin was respected, honored and laureled, was repressed, discouraged and penalized, by the modern Vandals who in Moore's day despoiled Ireland, not only of her temporal possessions, but destroyed her temples and drove her scholars to caves.

\* \* \* \*

Yet throughout all these bitter years Ireland's patriotic, poetical spirit produced priceless gems in verse.

Listen to the patriot, Thomas Osborne Davis, whose fancy clothed with interest many incidents in the history of Ireland, and whose spirit of tolerance ever tended to assuage race rancor:

And oh! it were a gallant deed  
To show before mankind,  
How every race and every creed  
Might be by love combined—  
Might be combined, yet not forget  
The fountains whence they rose,  
As filled by many a rivulet  
The stately Shannon flows.

John Boyle O'Reilly, poet, journalist and patriot, whose life emphasizes that:

“There is a divinity that shapes our ends  
Rough hew them as we may.”

He who was transported to Australia for his attempt to make Ireland a nation, and rescued by Irish-Americans after a seven year's exile,

Says, in answer to the question, What did Irishmen bring toward the up-building of this mighty nation:

“No treason we bring from Erin—nor bring we  
shame or guilt!  
The Sword we hold may be broken, but we have  
not dropped the hilt!  
The wreath we bear to Columbia is twisted of  
thorns, not bays;  
And the songs we sing are saddened by thoughts  
of desolate days.  
But the hearts we bring for freedom are washed  
in the surge of tears;  
And we claim our right by a people's fight out—  
living a thousand years!”



J. J. Callanan, in his description of natural scenery, is unrivalled, and whose lyre was ever attuned to tenderness, says:

“Oh! yes—this heart would sooner break,  
Than one unholy thought awake;  
I'd sooner slumber into clay,  
Than cloud thy spirit's beauteous ray;  
Go, free as air—as angel free  
And, lady, think no more of me.”

Samuel Ferguson, author of the "Tain-Quest," an heroic poem descriptive of the earlier cycle of Irish history. In it are recorded the exploits of Conor MacNessa; Fergus MacRoy; Maev, Queen of Connaught; Conall Carnach, and Cuchullin:—one verse of which runs:

“Not for selfish gawds or baubles  
Dares my soul disturb the graves  
Love consoles, but song enobles  
Songless men are meet for slaves  
Fergus, for the Gael’s sake, waken  
Never let the scornful Gauls  
’Mongst our land’s reproaches reckon  
Lack of song within our walls.”

Edward Fitzgerald's splendid translation of "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam" stamps him as a man of extraordinary genius, and though it teaches the false philosophy of a religious infidel, Fitzgerald's metrical rendering lulls one with sounds of sweetest melody.

The Hon. John Hay travelled to the very verge of truth when he said of it,—“Wherever the English language is spoken it has taken its place as a classic, not a hill-post in India, not a village in England, in the Eastern States of America, as well as the cities of the West, and in desolate spots of the high Rockies but you will find a coterie to whom Omar Khayyam is a bond of union.”—Gush.—But here are three quatrains:

“Why if the soul can fling the dust aside  
And naked on the air of Heaven ride  
Were't not a shame—were it not a shame for him  
In this clay carcase crippled to abide.”

“When you and I behind the veil are past  
Oh, but the long, long while the World shall  
last

Which of our Coming and Departure heeds  
As the sea's self should heed a pebble cast.”

“Yon rising moon that looks for us again—  
How oft hereafter will she wax and wane;  
How oft hereafter rising look for us  
Through this same Garden—and for one in  
vain.”

Denis F. McCarthy, in one amongst his many splendid poems described the "Round Towers" thus:

"The pillar towers of Ireland how wonderously  
they stand

By the lakes and rushing rivers through the  
valleys of our land

In mystic file through the isle they lift their heads  
sublime

These gray old pillar temples—these conquerers of time!

\* \* \* \*

What terror and what error; what gleams of love  
and truth,

Have flashed from these walls since the earth was  
in its youth.

\* \* \* \*

While the breast needeth rest may these gray old  
temples last

Bright prophets of the future, as preachers of the  
past!"

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Richard Brinsley Sheridan, who wrote "The Rivals" and the "School for Scandal" which are superior in comedy to anything else we have, has also given us the best models of lyric poetry, in the best Opera—"The Duenna," in which there is this verse.

"Then how my soul can we be poor

Who own what kingdoms could not buy

Of this true heart thou shall be queen

And serving thee—a monarch I,

And thus controll'd in mutual bliss

And rich in love's exhaustless mine—

Do thou snatch treasures from my lip

And I'll take kingdoms back from thine."

Aubrey De Vere, whose poetry has a strong and healthy patriotism, says this of the men of the West of Ireland—

“All praise to King Roderick, the prince of Clan  
Conor

The King of all Erin, and Cathall his son,  
May the million-voiced chant that in endless ex-  
pansion

Sweep onward to heaven his praises prolong;  
May the heaven of heavens this night be his  
mansion

Of the good King who died in the cloisters  
of Cong.”

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Thomas Parnell, portrayed in his poetry characters of ease, sprightliness, fancy, clearness of language and melody of versification.

Who having once read can forget "The Hermit" portraying the world as it really is, giving to those who already have, and taking from those who have not; all regulated by the providence of God.

Far in a wild unknown to public view

From youth to age a reverend hermit grew  
The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,

His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well  
Remote from men with God he passed his days,

Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise,  
A life so sacred, such serens repose,  
Seemed Heaven itself—

William Congrave, whose style, Haslitt, says:

“Is inimitable, nay, perfect; every sentence replete with sense and satire, conveyed in the most polished terms, which presents a shower of brilliant epigrams in prose.”

The great Johnson, says: “That in Congrave can be found a finer passage than any that can be found in Shakespeare.

Here is the passage describing the feelings of Almeria meeting her husband whom she thought dead, but now disguised as the captive Osmyn at the tomb of his father Anselmo—

“It strikes an awe  
And terror on my aching sight; the tombs  
And monumental caves of death look cold,  
And shoot a chillness to my trembling heart.  
Give me thy hand, and let me hear thy voice  
Nay, quickly speak to me, and let me hear  
Thy voice—my own affright me with its echoes.”



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Samuel Lover, while best known as a novelist, was a sweet singer of verse, and in speaking of his native music says:

“Oh! native music! beyond comparing  
The sweetest far on the ear that falls  
Thy gentle numbers the heart remembers  
Thy strains enchain us in tender thralls  
Thy tones endearing  
Or sad or cheering  
The absent soothe on a foreign strand  
Ah! who can tell  
What a holy spell  
Is in the song of our native land.”

James Clarence Mangan, whose acquaintance with foreign tongues was so extensive that his translations may be seen from most every language in the world says:

To leave the world a name is nought;

To leave a name for golden deeds

And works of love—

A name to waken lightning thought

And fire the soul of him who reads,

This tells above.

Napoleon sinks today before

The ungilded shrine, the single soul

Of Washington;

Truth's name, alone, shall man adore

Long as the waves of time shall roll

Henceforward on!

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Gerald Griffin produced "Gisippus," which Haslitt pronounced "the greatest drama of our time" and at twenty-five wrote "The Collegians."

Describing a Sister of Charity, one of the verses runs thus:

"Unshrinking when pestilence scatters his breath  
Like an angel she moves 'mid a vapor of  
death  
Where rings the loud musket, and flashes the  
sword  
Unfearing she walks for she follows the Lord.  
How sweetly she bends o'er each plague-tainted  
face  
With looks that are lighted with holiest  
grace!  
How kindly she dresses each suffering limb  
For she sees in the wounded the image of  
Him."

Who could forget, who knows anything of Irish poetry, the poems of Francis Mahony (Father Prout) and his "Shandon Bells." Listen

"With deep affection  
And recollection  
I often think of those Shandon bells  
Whose sound so wild would  
In days of childhood  
Fling round my cradle their magic spells.

On this I ponder  
Where'er I wonder  
And thus grow fonder sweet Cork of thee  
With thy bells of Shandon  
That sound so Grand on  
The pleasant waters of the river Lee."

Oliver Goldsmith, dear, delightful, improvident  
“Ollie.”

Writer of the “Vicar of Wakefield,” that peaceful poem in prose, which we read with benefit in youth and age and bless the memory of an author who contrives so well to reconcile us to human nature.

When Carl Schurz, on coming to this country, wanted to perfect himself in the English language enquired what author would be best to translate from English into German and then metaphrase back again into English—he was advised to take Goldsmith’s “Vicar of Wakefield” as a work of purest English.

The condition of his country is truly portrayed in the “Deserted village” thus—

“Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,

Where wealth accumulates and men decay  
Princes and lords may flourish or may fade—

A breath can make them, as a breath has made;  
But a bold peasantry, their country’s pride

When once destroyed, can never be supplied.”

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At Moore's birth the ancient Irish nation, the nation that earlier gave an education to Alfred the Great was indeed all but annihilated, and every syllable of Goldsmith's verse was but a faithful verity of existing conditions.

Someone has said that everything depends on the accident of time.

And without being fatalists we may concede that very much depends on the accident of time.

The golden era of Italian letters came before the reformation, so that Italian literature would have remained essentially Catholic even if Italy had become Protestant during the reformation.

Even now, when much of the writing in Italy comes from Agnostics, the models to which they must refer are the old Catholic masters.

Dante will ever remain the sun around which all Italian literature must revolve, and Dante lived before the reformation.

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On the other hand, if the reformation in England, which took place in 1534, during the reign of Henry VIII, had fallen just fifty years later, or in 1584, more than half of Elizabeth's reign would have been Catholic and the golden age of English letters, language and literature would have been Catholic and would have become for evermore an asset for the old Church. That fifty years of the reformation has, however, tinged English letters and literature Protestant.

Yet one cannot help but think that Elizabeth's England shone like luna, by borrowed light, the glories of her age are not her glories.

Fifty years is not sufficient time to metamorphose a Protestant people into Catholics or a Catholic people into Protestants.

No matter the lip service they thought as Catholics, it is impossible to conceive otherwise, one cannot think of them as a nation of caterpillars changing over night.

The Irishman, James Usher, the Protestant archbishop of Armagh, made the chronology of, and gave dates to the books of the Bible, yet his uncle, Richard Stanyhurst was a Catholic and a Jesuit.

Their greatest poet, Shakespeare, lived and died breathing Catholicity.

Every Catholic religious character he staged was put there with reverential deference to the ancient faith.

Tennyson, the poet laureate of England, no matter the altar he faced, was a member of the ancient Church while writing of the Virgin Mother and the saints, and his laudation of the sacrament of penance in St. Simeon Stylites.

Those brilliant minds that made the times of Elizabeth memorable were the fruitage of kindly ancient Irish culture, and the English protestant historian, Cobbett, describes how she paid us back in these words:



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“She could not harrass the Irish in detail, therefore she murdered them in masses.”

Such are the words, not of an Irishman, but of a protestant historian and an Englishman.

Along came, then, the short-lived Irish protestant parliament under Henry Grattan, in 1782 to 1800, granted by England.

Which displayed a narrowness that was due more to the religious miasma of the times than to their creed.

Yet Catholic Irishmen, like Byron's modern Greek might console themselves by reflecting that:

Their tyrants then,  
Were still, at least, their countrymen.

This parliament was granted not because it was just

But because Grattan had 80,000 Irish volunteers to back up his request for Home Rule, and England had more than she could do with the Commodore Barrys and O'Briens, Patrick Henrys and Montgomerys on this side of the Atlantic, commanded by Washington.

Not a very congenial or encouraging period for a young Irish patriot poet.

In 1794 Moore entered Trinity College, Dublin, which had only the year before been opened to Catholics for the first time, and his ability in the classical languages gave promise of a brilliant future, and at 20 he published his "Odes of Anacreon," which made him famous at that early age.

Being full of energy he became the biographer of his distinguished countrymen, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, author of "The Rivals and School for Scandal," two gems, which outrival anything else in English comedy.

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He wrote the life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald and of his friend and admirer, Lord Byron.

He also wrote a history of Ireland.

Macaulay says that considered merely as a composition, Moore's *Life of Lord Byron*, published in 1830 deserves to be classed among the best specimens of English prose our age has produced.

"*Lalla Rhook*," an epic of Eastern life in its faithful portrayal of the thought, history, traditions, manners and even localities was regarded as marvellous, stamping Moore as a poet of rare genius and insight.

So enraptured were the admirers of the picture of this notable delineation of Eastern life that they said, in its rich and luxurious imagery the reader was so enveloped in the mystic atmosphere of the East that he could easily imagine the rustle of Persian tapestries, the odor of the spices and even the smell of the sandal wood of that mysterious land.

Lord Byron was intensely and sincerely enthusiastic over the reception it met with, not only in Europe, but in India, and wrote a few lines in rhyme to Moore, saying:

“They tell me, Moore, can it be true, O lucky man  
That thy songs are sung in the Persian tongue  
on the streets of Ispahan.”

Byron it was also who called him “The poet of all circles and the Idol of his own” and this description was absolutely and happily true of the position held by Moore among the most famous men of his time.

But it is not as the writer of the “Odes of Anacreon,” of “The Epicurean,” of the “Alciphron,” or even of *Lalla Rhook*, though Irishmen think, that one of its books, *The Fire Worshipers*, portrays their own struggle for freedom, no it is not for any or all these, but for his imperishable Irish melodies, the emanation of Moore, the patriot, that we hold him in grateful and affectionate remembrance.

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“Byron declared that, “Moore’s Melodies were worth all the epics that ever were composed.”

And yet were it not that, toward the end of the eighteenth century, two worthy gentlemen, Dr. Petrie and Edward Bunting, knowing the sublime beauty of Irish airs, began to collect and set down in rotation the national music of Ireland, these splendid airs might have been in the chaos of the time lost forever.

To some of the airs collected by Petrie and Bunting, Moore began to write, and being a sweet singer, commenced to enchant his audience with his famous Melodies 106 years ago, in 1807—and they have not only endured the century, but have remained as Samuel Lover wrote of Irish music, “beyond comparing” to this day.

They have been translated into nine languages, and they have been surpassed in none if equalled by any.

No poetic license, no halting phrases or patched-up limbs are found in Moore's poems or songs which flow as gracefully as an Irish stream in the twilight of a summer's eve, when Divinity seems to blend nature into a scene of beauty and repose.

The bravery, courage and heroism of the race are poetically pictured in the "Minstrel Boy."

A Scottish writer has said of the "Minstrel Boy" that it is the most perfect song in existence, owing to the blending of words and music and the placing of the long vowel sounds on the long notes—that is A as in fate not in fat; E as in mete not in met; I as in fine not in fin; O as in old not in odd; U as in use not in us; Y as in style not in nymph.

Roosevelt says that "Garryowen" is the greatest marching and fighting tune in the world.

Robert Emmet forbade the writing of his epitaph.

But what could be written in such full respect to the injunction of his friend the dead patriot and yet so calculated to keep his memory immortal, as—Moore's

Oh breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade

Where cold and unhonored his relics are laid  
Sad, silent and dark be the tears that we shed

As the night dew that falls on the grass o'er his  
head.

The legendary and authentic history of Ireland is enshrined in Moore's matchless melodies—almost complete.

“Silent, O Moyle be the roar of thy waters”

Is built on one of the earliest legends of Irish literature.

“The Fate of the Children of Lir”.

Who were condemned in the form of swans to the Sea of Moyle to await the ringing of the first Mass bell when the spell should be broken, and they returned to the human world.

“Avenging and bright falls the swift sword of Erin” strikingly depicts the most famous tale of the Red Branch cycle of Irish epic romance,—the sorrows of Deirdre whose lover is slain.

It was this romantic patriotic Music of Ireland as expressed by her bards, its sincerity reaching to heaven which was echoed back by the sounding-shield of justice that strengthened the heart and warmed the blood which was flowing from every vein of my native land.

And which impelled Moore to sing

“Forget not the field where they perished

The truest the last of the brave.”

The splendid feats of Malachi and the formidable Red Branch Knights are storied in

“Let Erin Remember the Days of Old.”



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The heroic military achievements of the mighty King, Brian Boru, who vanquished the Danes are proudly sung in:

“Remember the Glories of Brian the Brave”.

Nor was war Brian's only glory. He is just as renowned for his reign of peace, law, order, contentment and education, during which, it is said, a lovely and unprotected young lady heavily jeweled went through Ireland without molestation will be remembered for all time, and Irish chivalry applauded by:

“Rich and Rare Were the Gems She Wore”.

Woman in Ireland was ever honored and respected, there is no room there for Assuerus who tempts Esther and entices her to supplant Veshti.

Marriage there is a sacrament for the man as well as for the woman, and its desecration is not tolerated.

And if the civilization of a people is marked by the respect and honor its women hold, the Irish stand high in civilization.

Moore was not only a great poet but he was, what was better a manly man.

Before the keen and telling effect of his irony and sarcasm, when deserved, the most powerful in England shrank including the "Iron Duke of Wellington" and the Prince Regent (George IV) whom he called:

"The Fat Adonis of Fifty".

Which puts to shame the assertion that he "dearly loved a Lord".

And marks him as one of the most independent men of his time.

In a lecture here in Baltimore in 1847 the greatest literary genius which America has produced, as well as the keenest, most impartial, but most merciless critic, Edgar Allen Poe, uttered these re-

markable words: "It has become the fashion of late to deny Moore imagination, while granting him fancy. This is because the fancy of Moore so far excels the fancy of all other poets that many deem him fanciful only.

"Never was a greater wrong done to a true poet. The lines describing a desolate lake in Donegal, called 'Patrick's Purgatory' around which trammelled souls hovered, commencing with, 'I would I were by that dim lake' is one of the most imaginative poems in all literature."

So said Edgar Allan Poe of Moore.

And the "Biographie Generale" of France says: "Moore's poems have a sustained elegance which is not marred by an air of rudeness which runs through Burns".

Tenderness, rich and brilliant imagery give them an enduring fascination. His poems are remarkable for their felicitous expression, their sweet musical flow and tender feeling, while genial wit and humor add to their attractiveness and charm.

Moore died in 1852 at the age of 73 years. Did I say died? No, his soul is as much in evidence today as when his body formed its tabernacle.

The patriot never dies.

For Cicero tells us,

“That there is a certain separate place in heaven for those who have preserved, aided and ameliorated their country, where they may enjoy happiness in the presence of God to all eternity.”

The patriotic and religious never die, patriotism and religion were motives strong enough to impel the Saviour of mankind to perform a miracle.

For when the centurian sent to Jesus to ask that the servant who was dear to him and who was sick be made well.

The messengers thought it all sufficient to state of the centurian:

“For he loveth our nation”,

Emphasizing his patriotism

“And he hath built us a synagogue,”

Accentuating his religion by his building an edifice to God.

And indeed both qualities are twins, for the man who is religious is sincerely patriotic and the man who is patriotic is inately religious.

I will finish with two brief stanzas of the ode written for the centenary of Thomas Moore in this country, thirty-four years ago by another Irish poet, T. D. Sullivan:

“Oh, Tara’s hall may waste away  
The Shannon’s source may fail;  
The mingled waters cease to play  
Through fair Avoca’s vale.  
Loved Arran Moore may fade from sight  
But you will still endure  
In Irish hearts fresh, warm and bright  
Enchanting songs of Moore.

Yea, even if our ancient race,  
In time should cease to be  
And if our dear old native place  
Should sink into the sea,  
The world would save from out the wave  
And hold the prize secure  
The harp you strung, the songs you sung,  
Our own immortal Moore.”



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*Soon may thy chords be attuned to Irish  
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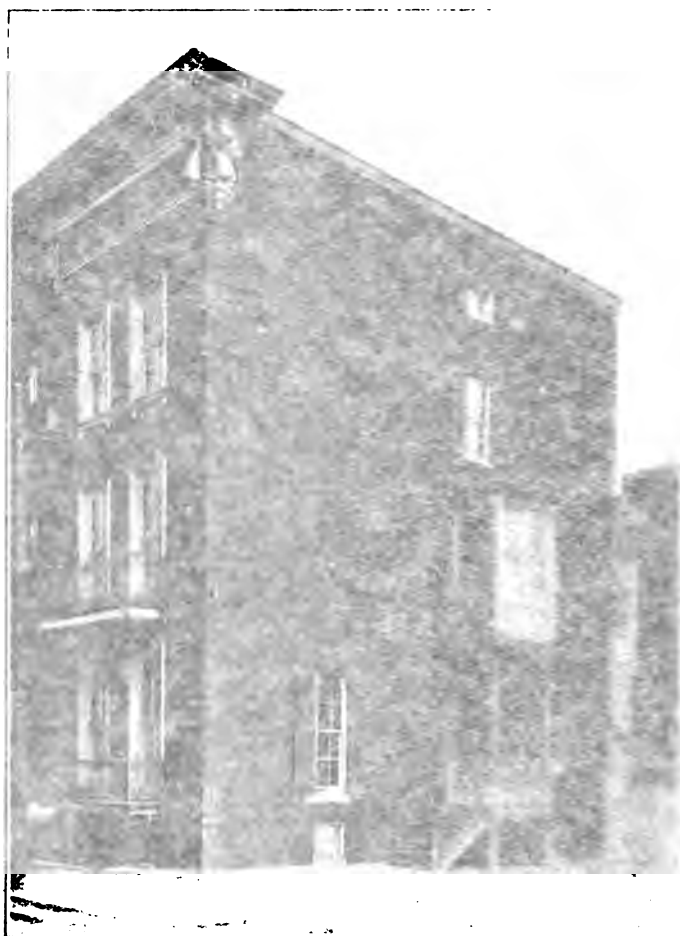
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